of a curiosity, a side-show, than hostess to these distinguished visitors. Mr. Gladstone seemed to me like a suppressed volcano. His face was pale and calm, but the calm was the calm of the grey crust of Etna. To look into the piercing dark eyes was like having a glimpse into the red-hot crater beneath. Years later, when I met him again at the Lyceum and became better acquainted with him, this impression of a volcano at rest again struck me.

Of Disraeli I carried away even a scantier impression. I remember that he wore a blue tie, a brighter blue tic than most men would dare to wear, and that his straggling curls shook as he walked. He looked the great Jew before everything. But " there is the noble Jew/' as George Meredith writes somewhere, " as well as the bestial Gentile." When I first saw Henry Irving made up as Shylock, my thoughts flew back to the garden-party at Little Holland House, and Disraeli, I know I must have admired him greatly, for the only other time I ever saw him he was walking in Piccadilly, and I crossed the road, just to get a good look at him. I even went the length of bumping into him on purpose. It was a *very little* bump ! My elbow just touched his, and I trembled. He took off his hat, muttered, " I beg your pardon," and passed on, not recognising rne^pf, course ; but I had had my look into his eyes. They'were veryquiet eyes, and didn't open wide.

I love Disraeli's novels—like his tie, brighter in colour than any one else's. Jt.was " Venetia " which first made me see the real Lord Byron, the real Lady

Byron, too. In " Tancred " I recall a description of a family of strolling players which seems to me more like the real thing than anything else of the kind in fiction. It is strange that Dizzy's novels should be neglected. Can any one with a pictorial sense fail to be delighted by their pageantry ? Disraeli was a heaven-born artist, who, like so many of